

A Summer Resort Bear Hunt by a New Woman.

Nantucket, the Poet and the Breeze.

STAMFORD, N. Y., June 3.—I have been on a bear hunt!

A genuine bear hunt, wild, rough and exciting in all its details.

A hunt in which every man who followed the trail of the hounds had sworn to avenge the recent ravages on his crops and cattle.

Never has my blood come so near congealing in my veins as during those hours in the Schoharie forest, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not induce me to repeat the experience of last Tuesday.

The beginning of the story goes back a long way—to fifteen years ago, when a somewhat similar expedition of injured farmers started after the "black devil" of the forest, who had been intimidating people for miles around.

For three days the hunters remained in the forests, living on the scanty provisions with which they had provided themselves.

At the close of the third day they emerged covered with glory, dragging their trophy with them.

That was fifteen years ago, and not until this Spring did it occur to the wily farmers that this victim might have left a cub. Nevertheless the cub was left and has flourished and improved in size and ferocity during the lapse of years.

Not until this Spring, however, did the people of Schoharie County realize that their last expedition did not efface the enemy.

Late last March, when the cattle were put to graze on the mountainide, soft, innocent little creatures, of the variety known to New York butchers and housewives as "genuine Spring lamb," were nightly missed from the flock, until at last the flocks became so small the farmers were suffering heavy losses.

Every one was suspected, from tramps and small boys to witches of the old Salem school.

Watches were set on guard to no avail. Then one night a light snow fell, another lamb was missing, and the farmers discovered the trail of a bear from the pasture land to the forest adjoining.

That settled the question of the thief. The farmers, though filled with terror for the sake of their crops and cattle, were relieved to know that none of their neighbors had been the thief.

Immediately an indignation meeting was held. It was decided to leave several of the lambs in the pasture to tempt the bear out of the forest as usual. The farmers who were to be on guard were then to kill the bear in the simplest way imaginable, just as he was about to seize the lamb.

But the trap did not prove successful. The farmers were not so quiet as might have been expected, and the dogs, who should have been left at home, could not be kept from barking.

So when dawn was breaking and nothing had happened the farmers picked up their guns, and, with rheumatics considerably the worst for contact with the damp ground, proceeded toward home.

Then the news of the trouble reached New York and the Journal woman saw the opportunity for a rare adventure.

Bear hunts—with a genuine bear in the lead—are not everyday occurrences, and two hundred miles were not such a long journey, considering the reward.

The farmers of Schoharie, however, were not quite prepared for so positive a movement; but they were soon convinced that it would save time to hunt down the destroyer of their flocks rather than await the chance of his venturing forth within range of their Winchester.

Accordingly, at 8 o'clock sharp, in one of the most beautiful, picturesque valleys of the Schoharie country, a motley assemblage of hunters, guides, indignant villagers, small boys, photographers and a Journal woman were gathered and ready for business. All those who were brave enough and hardy enough to enter the hunt through the forest were clad like ragmuffins and armed with Winchester rifles.

The ludicrous aspect of the situation must certainly have forced itself upon us had not the guides, who were the oldest hunters of the Catskill country, worn such serious expressions and looked so dubiously upon the woman who was to join their perilous hunt.

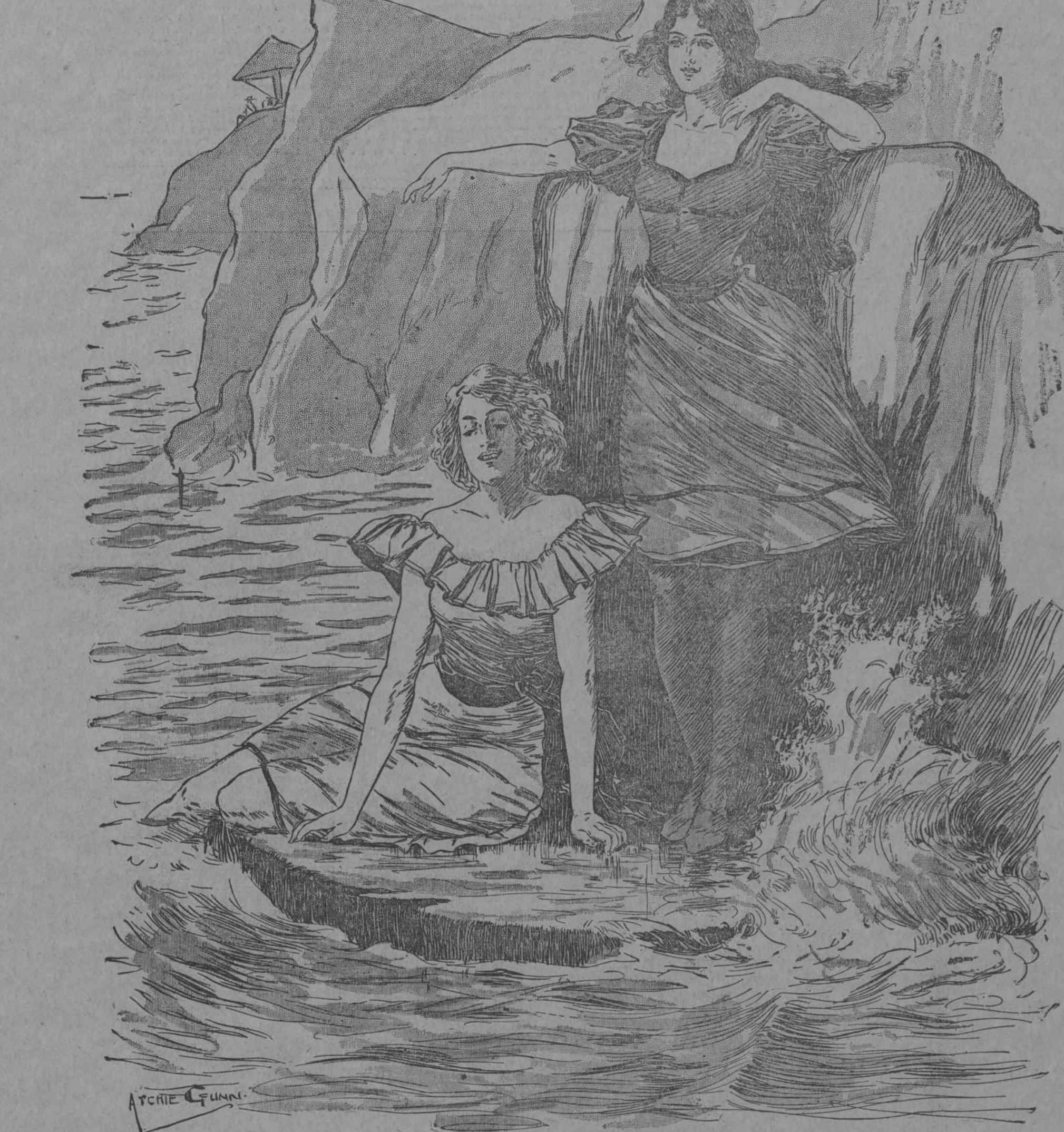
"Hooryay," said the old farmer, shifting a lump from one cheek to the other. "Hooryay for the city gal," which approval was greeted with a series of grunts and chuckles. Then Captain Zee, chief guide of the party, a veritable Rip Van Winkle, and looking every day of his seventy-six years, stretched forth his hand and said: "I reckon you'll do all right, miss. All a hunter needs is stout boots and a stout heart. You jes' keep close to me, an' I calculate if it's anything more'n the ole b'ar's ghost cuttin' up these darned capers, thet we'll put it outer harm's way afore we quit this piece of woodland."

I placed my hand in the horny one of Captain Zee, and the pressure convinced me of his ability to wrestle with a "b'ar."

"Better go in three separate parties," he said, dividing us into groups. "You five men go with Wesley Patchen. He's been over these woods about as much as me, an' those three dogs of his'n, they be great smellers."

Five more men were then chosen to follow J. J. Wardell, another hunter of considerable fame, a typical Hans of Iceland, with long, red hair, ferocious brow, and surrounded by seven half-bred hounds.

"The rest of you," announced Cap



BRAVING THE TIDE AT NEWPORT.

Zee, "kin come along of me. I've only got two dogs, but here, Zip, come here." The great creature came to its master's feet. "I reckon," said the captain, huskily, "if there's a b'ar anywhar in this here jungle Zip kin bring us pretty close on to his present quarters."

Then we all struck into the forest—all except the editor of the Stamford Recorder, who could not join us because patent leather boots were bad form in the jungle, or would be when they came out of it, and the good Dr. Churchill, of Delaware County, who had no grudge against the bears, having no cattle but deer, which he keeps well protected, and no truck farm but hedgerows, for which the bear had not yet cultivated a taste.

After advancing a dozen steps into the forest all levity ceased.

"A bear hunt," said quickly and after the manner in which I had regarded it, has a pleasing, symmetrical sound about it; it brings to one's mind the thought of a rough day's outing, smacking of exciting adventure, leaving behind it a ravenous appetite and something to boast of.

Suddenly we heard the voice of Cap Zee, some distance ahead, exclaiming: "Gal, where is that gal?"

"Here," I answered, pushing forward, this time getting a little help from Haw-

Presently we came upon the Captain. He looked about twenty years younger than when he left us. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkling, and his whole frame trembled with excitement.

"Come here, miss," he said, grasping my hand, "jest look at them dogs. See 'em act? They smell somethin' or I don't know Zip."

Certainly the dogs were acting strangely. After burying their snouts in the ground they lifted their heads and howled. Then running along a little further they repeated the action, we following every step and peering about us through the brush.

The trail proved to be nothing, however, and after several hours, during which Cap Zee shouted at intervals to keep me within hearing distance, our division met and decided to eat the sandwiches we had brought with us. We plodded through to the outskirts of the wood, where we could see, from our high elevation, the pretty Lake Otsego.

We had plodded along for probably another hour, when the dogs began barking and capering, and then dash ahead.

Cap Zee and Hawkins got some distance in the lead. The others of our division had gone on a different tack. I could hear the dogs yelping, way ahead. I felt certain they had struck on the trail of something, and whether the bear we sought or

only a poor coon, I wanted to be on hand at the finish. Yet Hawkins and the guide had deserted me; no doubt had forgotten all about me. Indeed, I could not blame them; I should have done the same, in the excitement of the hour. But the rifle was growing very heavy, and laboring under all the difficulties I did, it was hard indeed to drag it along and help myself, too. I was on the point of discarding the rifle, in the hope of progressing faster, when a terrific howl drowned the barking of the dogs and seemed to fill every corner of the forest with its awful noise. As its echo died I could again hear the yelping of the dogs—every dog we had in the forest must have been barking—and then again that fearful thunder of a wild beast's voice, which was repeated again and again. A feeling of not of fear, but utter desolation, crept over me. I pushed ahead faster and faster, the knowledge that human beings were near me somewhere giving me courage. Once I thought I heard a sound amid the din, which was Cap Zee's voice, and it filled me with new strength. I tried to shout, but could not even hear my own voice. I lunged forward, and in doing so slipped and lost my footing. I must have slid twenty feet down the mountain side, when my feet struck something hard, and with a terrific shock I stopped. I was on a rock! Terribly shaken, and with my

senses half dazed, I got up. As I did so that howl of a wild beast broke again over the forest, and seemed to emanate from the very rocks at my feet. At another time I would have been startled into terrible fright. But I had already received so many shocks, I believe I had reached the limit of fear. I walked to the edge of the rock and looked over.

Crouched on the ground, not ten feet below me, was a black bear! Two columns of smoke came from its nostrils, and each time it breathed it emitted low rumbles that seemed to vibrate through the rock on which I stood. It had evidently been hunted for the other way, and for a moment at least I was safe.

Had I not passed through the trials preceding I should probably have lost my head completely. As it was, though my limbs were stiff and would scarcely respond to my wish to move them, I was perfectly cool—until I reached stealthily for my rifle.

It was gone!

In slipping down hill I had lost it, unnoticed in my fright. I glanced around; it was nowhere to be seen. In a moment my courage was gone, my head in a wild whirl.

The picture of my doom rose before me; my torn and bleeding body, my unheeded

cries for help, growing fainter and fainter; my slow death agony.

The bear moved. It was turning round. In a moment it would see me. I uttered one wild yell for "Captain Zee!"

"Here!" cried a voice behind me, followed by a shot that whizzed over my shoulder; then another and another.

The hounds jumped around the bear, barking and yelping, and one of Patchen's half-breds was rushed to death as the bear rolled over on its side.

I had fallen to the ground in my terror, and together Cap Zee and I watched the black bear until it was stone dead.

Then we went down beside it, and after Cap Zee had silenced the hounds, and the rest of the party joined us, by ones and twos, Cap took a long pull at his flask and said:

"I tell yer, boys, it wuz all right killin' that ar ole b'ar fifteen year ago; but I see at the time, sez I, 'What about the cubs?'"

"Wal," said Farmer Hawkins, gazing with great relish on the dead bear, "I hope it wuzn't a very prolific family, anyway. This here beast's most twice the size its mother was, an', by gosh, I believe its appetite was twice as big."

"Wal," said Cap Zee, "thet b'ar's appetite needn't never trouble you no more."

Then every man went his way and told the good news to all he met.

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Nantucket, Mass., July 2.

THE big hotel is gleaming on the cliff, On which the ocean breezes blandly blow.

The which the last "arrivals" madly snuff, For instance, William Jones, of Tuckahoe, John Smith and wife of Upper Tenariffe, Miss Tomlinson and maid, of Jericho, And all the others who each Summer rest In old Nantucket, the Island of the Blest.

'Tis here no land breeze comes to pluck its tent, 'Tis here that no mosquito wildly shrieks Athwart the calm of night on bloodshed bent.

'Tis here the grease-flayed cit, rare solace seeks And finds, and when his lotus dream is spent— A lotus dream of only two brief weeks— He for the city points his sun-burned nose, Rebuilt from his eyebrows to his toes.

Nantucket now has shed its Winter gloom, And to the brim each boarding-house is full. The home-made pie is now upon the boom, And pork and beans together madly pull. Across the moors the breeze that's no al-moon,

Toys with the antlers of the brindled bull That prances neath the stretch of cloud-less blue, From Madeget to 'Sconset and Coastua.

Oh, now the gull is circling wild and free About the billow and the shining sand, And all the men are shouting in their glee "The Siasconset barber is on hand!" And each one sighs in finest ecstasy, "No eight-day shaves upon this blooming strand!"

Two boats run from Nantucket every day, Touching at Martha's Vineyard on the way.

The Siasconset siren is a peach— Upon the wheel or on the swirling wave, She makes the gulls in frenzied rapture screech.

And wakens envy in the coral cave From which the mermaid comes aloft to bleach Her golden curls upon the purple pave.

Which one may call the billows froth- arrayed, When his poetic license has been paid.

The butterfly upon the daisy rocks, Within the 'Sconset meadow, where the bee

The wild rose with his latch key swift unlocks, And with the hippocrene flies fancy free To where the pensive front-yard holly-hocks

Along the path are nodding in their glee And hurling all their fragrance o'er the fence To the four winds, regardless of expense.

Oh, now beneath the old Nantucket moon The Summer girl is gliding on the wing, While Cupid throws with rapture his harpoon,

Which in a whaling town's the proper thing. Along the sedge the welkin-splitting loon Lays hard-boiled eggs within the boiling spring,

And sings about the joys that blossom free Upon this wind-swept island in the sea.

The tourist now into the dory jumps, The bluefish from the rolling sea to yank; In rubber boots or patent-leather pumps He loves along the dory's length to prank, No matter how the bounding billow bumps, He thinks he has a million in the bank.

When the "ten-pounder," landed at his feet, Turns somersaults the very hand to beat.

The happy child is digging in the sand, I watch him with his little spade and pail,

His ringlets playing in the breezes bland, That in the distance fill the snowy sail. Oh, here the chowder's ever made by hand, The little railroad's never known to fail

To be on time, and through the saline spray The boat brings in two blooming mallas a day.

The cottagers are dancing on the turf, While o'er the greenaway flies the tennis bat;

The beautiful bather skims along the surf Until at Care we gayly murmur "Scat!" He lifts joy's bull's-eye e'en as Edgar Murph

Hits the wild pigeon, knocking off its hat, When he gives up the evanescent V To go to wind-swept 'Sconset-in-the-Sea.

Nantucket now is in its Summer whirl, Way off the mainland in the whirling sea, And on her streets the blushing Summer girl

Now looks like Spring in all her finery. These are the things that to the eye unfurl Of him who walks beneath the spreading tree,

And hears upon the air the lyric note That tells the Cliff House german is afloat. The windmill whirrs, the steamer whist' blows,

The old town crier cries with might : main, The sailboat to War whet daily goes, The artist paints the ocean and the pl The boarding house with sea food o flows,

And joy in old Nantucket now doth rell The boniface now grins from ear to ear, While hosts of guests upon the scene

pear. R. K. MUNKITTING